

Iron County Register

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Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE. OUR GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND TRUTH: TERMS—\$1.50 a Year, in Advance
VOLUME XXVIII. IRONTON, MO., THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1895. NUMBER 40.

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Judicial, De Soto, Mo.

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Circuit Court is held on the
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County Court convenes on the
first Monday of March, June, September
and December.
Probate Court is held on the first
Monday in February, May, August and No-
vember.

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City Treasurer, Jos. A. Zwart.
Collector, J. L. Baldwin.
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D. Marks and Henry Kendal.
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baugh and L. J. Giovannoni.
Fire Committee—J. J. Giovannoni, G. D.
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at 10:30 o'clock A. M. Sunday School for
children at 1:30 o'clock P. M.

M. E. CHURCH, Cor. Reynolds and
Mountain Streets, J. H. HULL, Pastor.
Residence, Ironton. Services at 11 A. M.
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and 1 P. M. Sunday School at 1:30 A. M. Class
Meeting Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.
Prayer Meeting Thursday evening. All
are invited.

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every Wednesday evening, 7 o'clock. Sab-
bath School at 9:30 A. M.

BAPTIST CHURCH, Madison street,
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Residence, Ironton. Preaching on every
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Sundays at 11 A. M. Sunday School every
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every Tuesday evening at 7:30 P. M.

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and Knob streets, Ironton. Services at 11 A.
M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 9:30 A.
M. Y. P. S. C. at 6:30 P. M. Prayer Meet-
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and Washington streets, Ironton. H. A.
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SOCIETIES:

IRONTON LODGE, No. 544, K.
of P. M., meets every 2d
and 4th Friday evening of each month
at Odd-Fellows Hall.

ARTHUR HUFF, K. of R. & S.

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meets every Monday at its hall, corner Main
and Madison streets. CHAS. AKNOLDY, N.
3. J. T. BALDWIN, Secretary.

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lows' Hall, corner Main and Madison streets.
G. D. MARKS, C. P. J. T. BALDWIN, Scribe.

STAR OF THE WEST LODGE, No. 135,
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Main and Madison streets, on Saturday of
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M. MANE RINGO, Secretary.

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meets at the Masonic Hall on the first and
third Tuesday of each month, at 7 P. M. W.
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tary.

VALLEY LODGE, No. 870,
KNIGHTS OF KRYPTON, meets in
Odd-Fellows' Hall every alternate
Wednesday evening. W. T. GAY,
D. IRA A. MARSHALL, Reporter.

EASTERN STAR LODGE, No. 62, A.
F. & A. M. (colored), meets on the second
Saturday of each month.

IRON POST, No. 346, G. A. R.,
meets the 2d and 4th Saturdays
of each month at 2 P. M.

FRANZ DINGER, P. C.
C. R. PECK, Adj't.

IRONTON CAMP, No. 60, Sons of
Veterans, meets every 1st and 3d Saturday
evening, each month, and every Tuesday
evening for drill.

C. R. PECK, Camp Commander.
C. R. PECK, First Sergeant.

PILOT KNOB.
PILOT KNOB LODGE, No. 253, A. O.
U. W., meets every 2d and 4th Friday
evenings, 7:30 P. M., upstairs in Union
Church.

PILOT KNOB LODGE, No. 58, I. O. O.
F., meets every Tuesday evening at their
hall. CHAS. MASCHMEYER, Secretary.

IRON LODGE, No. 30, Sons of HER-
MAN, meets on the second and last Sunday
each month. WM. STEFFERS, President.
VAL. EFFINGER, Secretary.

IRON MOUNTAIN.
IRON MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 293,
A. O. U. W., meets on the first and third
Friday of each month.

BELLEVUE.
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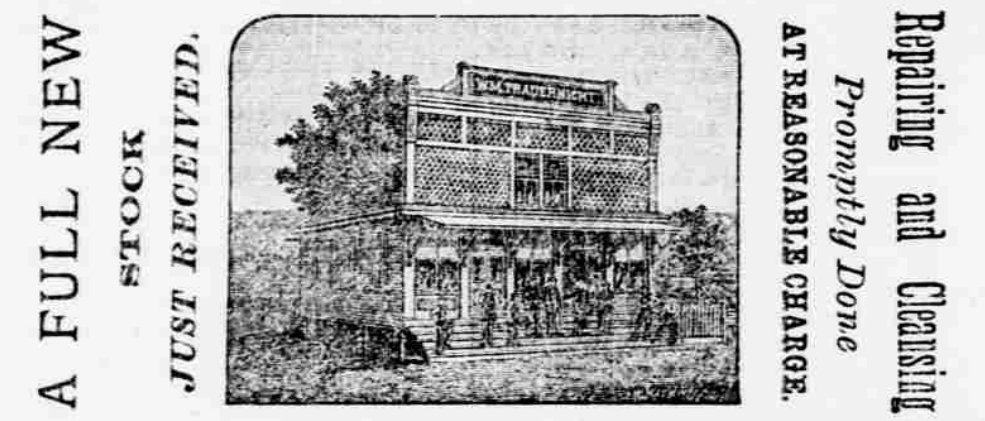
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of Latest Style, that will be Furnished on Application.

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What the Inside Pages Contain.

Second Page—Editorial Miscellany,
News and Notes, Missouri State News
and Cullings, Legislative Proceedings,
The War in the East, etc.

Third Page—Napoleon and Jose-
phine, Private Brown (a serial),
What Made the Income Tax, The Po-
sition of McKinley, etc.

Sixth Page—New Laws of Missouri,
Dun's Commercial Review, etc.

Seventh Page—The Work of a
Worm, Agricultural Hints, Domestic
Concerns, etc.

Missouri's Shame.

The antics of the Thirty-eight gen-
eral assembly ought to convince the
people of this state, irrespective of
party, that they cannot be too careful
about selecting the men they send to
Jefferson City to make laws. The
masses of the people in this state are
honest, no matter whether they are
Democrats, Republicans, Populists or
Prohibitionists. They do not know-
ingly send men to the legislature who
will vote as a corrupt lobby dictates,
and yet it is a fact that a large number
of the members of the Thirty-eight
general assembly were mere tools of
the lobby. The statement was made
on the floor of the house, and not
contradicted, that eighty-two members
of that body were traveling on free rail-
road transportation. If such state-
ments are untrue, why is it that all
corporation legislation failed? Why
did the house committee on internal
improvements refuse to report a bill to
regulate sleeping car charges? Why
did the house committee on labor re-
port adversely every bill asked for by
the laboring classes and which would
in the least interfere with the arbitrar-
y rule of corporations? Why did the
house refuse to pass the Julian bill to
tax franchises? Let the people inquire
into these matters. And when the fel-
low-servant law was called up in the
house, why did some twenty-five mem-
bers rush wildly from the hall to avoid
going on record? Let the people look
over the list of absentees. They have
been published in *The Tribune* and will
be republished as often as occasion de-
mands, as well as those who voted for
and against the bill.

The house does not deserve all of
the people's contumely, by any means.
The senate killed a good fellow-servant
law, a street car fender law, a subway
bill, a measure to procure cheaper tele-
phones, and in fact about everything
the lobby asked it to kill.

Now, how long do the people of Mis-
souri propose to stand this kind of work
from the men whom they send to Jef-
ferson City to make laws for the state?
Is infamy to be supreme in the future
and the will of the people set aside for
the demands of a corrupt lobby? Let
the people take this matter in hand
while there is yet time, and see that
in the future men are sent to the legis-
lature who will not be controlled abso-
lutely by an unscrupulous lobby. The
fight is on and the press and people of
Missouri propose to press it with ear-
nestness until the question is solved and
solved right.—*Jefferson City Tribune*.

How the Pensions Grow.

Two noteworthy general pension
measures, acted upon in the last Con-
gress, are significant as forecasting a
tendency in this sort of legislation.

One of them increased to \$6 per
month every pension of a smaller rate
now on the list, or hereafter to be put
upon it, whatever the amount origi-
nally applied for or granted. It does
not appear from the discussions that
there had been an official recommenda-
tion on this subject, or even any peti-
tion for the change, or any bill for it
on the calendars. It occurred to a Sen-
ator to amend another pension mea-
sure in this way, and his suggestion was
adopted. Nobody could present an
exact statement of the cost, and one of
its advocates insisted that that was a
minor consideration. There was a
general feeling that any disability
worth pensioning at all merited at least
\$6 a month. It was said that 48,000
or 49,000 pensions would thus be in-
creased by this measure, which has
become a law.

The other measure increased to \$12
per month all pensions of Mexican
and Indian war survivors and their
widows, granted under the acts of Jan.
29, 1887, March 3, 1891, and July 27,
1892, of which the last gave pensions
to the survivors of Indian wars from
1832 to 1842 inclusive. That bill was
carried in the House by a two-thirds
vote under a suspension of the rules.
Its effect was to increase by \$4 a month,
or \$48 a year, the pensions of perhaps
27,000 persons, and Commissioner
Loehren had reported that it would
cost, at the time his estimates were
made, \$1,309,632. The amount would
be somewhat less now.

Under the law as it existed before
this amendment the Mexican veteran
got \$8 a month, and in addition, as
Mr. O'Neil phrased it, "if he states
that it is not enough to keep him in
the necessities of life, the pension is
increased to \$12 a month." In other
words, the sum of \$12 had already been
provided for those who needed the
larger amount, and the extra million
was for putting the others on the same
footings.

Now, under the act of 1887, the Mex-
ican pensioners thus provided for may
not have been wounded or, in fact,
even present in any battle or skirmish.
They need not be suffering from ill-
ness acquired in that war or from any
illness at all. However, the bill,
when it reached the Senate, was re-
ferred to a committee, and we find no
record of any further action upon it,
so that it cannot be said that the Sen-
ate would have agreed with the House.

But the suggestion in both cases is
that a serious offset, in the future, to
the natural dwindling of the pension
rolls may come from increasing the
rates payable to great classes of bene-
ficiaries already there.—*N. Y. Sun*.

The Ills of Declining Prices.

In a recent work on "Honest Mon-
ey," Arthur I. Fonda calls attention to
the damaging effects of an increase in
money value on manufactures and
trade. "The employer," he says
"caught between the difficulty of re-
ducing his employees' wages and the
falling prices of his products, is in-
jured by an increased money value."
Goods are held for a rise in prices and
business stagnates. Strikes are caused
by attempts to reduce wages and
the situation is made worse. Fear and
distrust are engendered which indi-
rectly affect the whole community.

This is an accurate description of
the late panic and depression of busi-
ness. It was the inevitable conse-
quence of a general fall in prices,
which simply means a rise in the value
of money. Business may adjust itself
for a time to the change, but, if con-
tinued, periodic disturbances is un-
avoidable.

Not only agriculture but all produc-
tive industry is depressed by the ap-
preciation of the money standard.
Manufactures and commerce are co-
sufferers. The increase in the value
of the money in which all indebted-
ness must be paid falls upon the most
industrious and enterprising classes,
such as a rule are the borrowers.

Mr. Fonda does not exaggerate when
he says: "Of all ills, war and pesti-
lence alone seem to fill the cup of
human suffering more nearly full than
the depression and stagnation of in-
dustry which are brought about by
constantly declining prices."—*St.
Louis Post-Dispatch*.

The Ironton Reading Club.

A Perilous Ride.

Half way up a great mountain on a
kind of ledge or shelf in its side, there
was a small settlement called Duck's
Head. This strange name was given
it on account of the peculiar similarity
the place bore to its name. At this
point, the mountain, from the foot,
seemed to resemble very much the
head and features of a duck. No one
knew who christened it thus, but as
the name was very appropriate, it
mattered very little to the inhabitants
of the little mid-air village.

A few ill built, scattered cabins com-
posed the settlement, and the only pur-
suits of the people was the small iron
mine, which, although not greatly
promising, managed to furnish em-
ployment for the twenty or thirty
workmen living at Duck's Head. This
mine was owned by a Mr. Mason who,
through ill health of both himself and
wife, had moved to this remote and
haunted place, where they could en-
joy the free mountain air, considered
to be so beneficial.

Down the mountain, to Dykeville,
four miles away, led a narrow and
dangerous path, which was wide
enough for only one wagon.

There were places cut in the sides of
the mountain called turn-outs, which
afforded passage for the going and re-
turning travellers.

This path was on the side of the
mountain, and the ledges in some
places, were very perpendicular and
dangerous.

One extremely dangerous point was
called "Skeleton's Promontory," be-
cause tradition had said that twenty
or thirty years before, a man had been
hurled below and killed. There was
employed in the mine an Irish lad,
some eighteen or nineteen years old,
called Tim Bradshaw.

He was a faithful and hard-working
boy, whose work at the mine was
leading the ore and hauling the refuse
to the dump. Tim was a good-natured,
ugly creature, whose only enemy
was his mule, called "Old Thunder."

This animal was an especially
vicious, large and bony one, who seem-
ed to bear a marked malice toward his
well-meaning and good-natured mas-
ter. He had several times during his
eventful career, kicked Tim so se-
verely, that it was a day or two before
he recovered.

Tim worked for his board, night and
mornings, at Mr. Mason's, and had a
great admiration for Mr. Mason and
his wife. One day as the supply wag-
on returned from Dykeville, the driver

Marion, The Orphan.

It was a rough, unsightly looking old
farm house. The windows were broken,
the doors almost off their hinges,
and the grass had grown over the
walks. It looked forlorn and desolate.
But if you look again you will see an
old man sitting in the door way. His
clothes were ragged and in disorder
like everything else. His hat lay be-
fore him on the ground. Everything
indoors was in keeping with the disorder
without; such a gloomy house as
it was. You may sometimes have seen
one just like it. Although belonging
to sunny June the day is dark and low-
ering; the sky is overcast; no faintest
ray of sunshine comes to brighten the
gloom. A sense of desolation and of
coming evil is over all the place. In
an upper chamber of this shattered old
building, lay a woman dying. Years
before, she married against her father's
wishes, and had never been forgiven.
He had said she was dead to him, and
he tried to think so; and yet he could
not quite forget, and grew colder and
sterner. Death came to him, swiftly
and suddenly, no time for relenting or
forgiveness. Too late, God forgive
him. At her bedside sat a sweet pale
girl of eight years. She was a fragile
child with large brown mournful eyes,
beautiful dark glossy, curly hair; her

features were regular and delicate, her
hands and feet small; and despite her
attire one could see with a glance, that
she did not belong to the inmates of
the farm house. They were strangers
in the place, now, she was an orphan,
friendless, homeless, unprotected save
by him who guards us all. She feels
the soft touch of a dear hand on her
forehead. A sweet low voice says,
"God protect my orphan child." Mar-
ion gently stooped and kissed her
mother, and the weary spirit was at
rest. God shield the motherless! Poor
little Marion had a dim confused recol-
lection of a burial,—afterwards a dis-
pute as to her future home, ending in
a long journey. They were neat little
pallets. One could find no fault with
them, with their snowy sheets and
patchwork quilts. In each was a lit-
tle homeless orphan, taken in for shel-
ter. Miss Hannah had been the rounds
and seen each little head duly deposited
on a pillow. She had heard them all
say their prayers. She listened at the
door to see if any dared to break the
rules, that forbade their speaking.
Then she went down to a comfortable
cup of tea and muffins, satisfied that
she had ministered to their every want.
A little head was cautiously raised
from its pillow. The eyes that look
around are large and sorrowful. Hot
tears fall thick and fast. "Mother!
Mother!" is wrung from a little heart too
young to bear its load of grief un-
shared; the little head falls back in
hopeless misery on its pillow. She
feels the soft touch of a dear hand on
her forehead; a sweet low voice fingers
ever in her ear: "God protect my or-
phan child!" But let us pass from this
scene for a little while. Heaven had
not blessed the elegant widow, Mrs.
Seldon with children. One day she
said, "I am tired of this life. I could
find one, I would adopt a little child.
But it must be a little, fragile, spiritual,
delicate blossom. Where is my bonnet?"
I am going to the—Asylum." "This
is our schoolroom, Mrs. Seldon," said
Miss Hannah. "The children are all
very comfortable and happy, as you
see. I shall say it is for the best if you
find one to your mind." Mrs. Seldon
glanced up and down the long rows of
benches, but she was not favorably im-
pressed with the little cropped heads.
She was about to return disappointed,
when her eye caught sight of "Mar-
ion." A bright flush came to her cheek,
and her eye kindled as she stood before
her. "Will you go with this lady?"
said the prim Miss Hannah. The start-
led child brushed her hand across her
eyes, as if bewildered with the sweet
face before her, and not sure she was
not dreaming. "My mother smiled at
me so," said she as she slid her little
hand into Mrs. Seldon's. Days, months,
and years glided by, and Marion grows
more beautiful every day. In the sun-
shine of love, unspoiled by prosperity.
The gay world has lost its power to
charm the mother; she looks shuddering
back upon long wasted years of
frivolity, and blesses God "the little
child" hath "led her." But Marion's
mission now is over. The bright hec-
tic glow on that marble cheek. Mother
and child! how shall they part now?
Sweet Marion closes her eyes on earth-
ly things, to open them again in a
fairer land.

The churchyard hath an added stone,
And Heaven one spirit more.

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Discovery know its value, and those
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CONSUMPTION

By the Physicians
SEVERE
COUGH
At Night
Spitting Blood
Given Over by the Doctors!
LIFE SAVED BY
AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

"Seven years ago, my wife had a
severe attack of lung trouble which
the physicians pronounced consumption.
The cough was extremely distressing,
especially at night, and was frequently
attended with the spitting of blood.
The doctors being unable to help her,
I induced her to try Ayer's Cherry Pec-
toral, and was surprised at the great
relief it gave. Before using one whole
bottle, she was cured, so that now she is
quite strong and healthy. That this lit-
tle medicine saved my wife's life, I have not
the least doubt."—K. MONTANA, Mem-
phis, Tenn.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
Received Highest Awards
AT THE WORLD'S FAIR
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